



The Young & The Bold



romance

comingofage

dontwriteanythingtrite

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Chapter 1 by Dale Nixon

If God ever had anything to teach me, I sure hadn't the slightest clue about what he meant. Naturally, it would take the most bewildering of events to change this, to shake things up if you will. And now I find myself recounting the oddest of days, which frankly started out quite quaint.

It was your standard rain shower on the modest of Thursday afternoons when I chanced upon the most elegant lady I had ever set my brown eyes upon.

Wrapped in the quaintest of yellow scarfs accompanied by the most punk rocker combination that a grey shirt and dark blue jeans could muster, she looked quite the eclectic mix. Without the slightest hint of personal composure, I found myself entranced in the charismatic charm that followed her gait like a shadow in the night.

A momentary rendezvous of curious eyes caught hold of reality, and it was not too soon after that I found myself up and walking in her specific direction.

Chapter 2 by Julian Darrows



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close enough to touch her. Needless to say, my walking right past her and chatting up the mousey girl several feet down caught her off guard and left a small falter in her composure.

It should never be said that I have game, nor that I have skill with women, or that I'm even moderately socially adequate. I should be stated, however, that I have the most reliable dumb luck in the history of mankind, routinely saving me from the consequences of my rather silly actions and sometimes even turning them in my favor. Such was the case as, after dismissing myself from the interrogation of the mousey girl, I turned my attention back to the lovely lady wrapped in the scarf made of the sun's favorite eyelashes.

"So rather than simply asking you if you're from around here, I've taken a wild bet that you are, but have never been to the weird little coffee shop 6 blocks south of here that serves their coffee and tea in little bowls made from whatever mass or matter they've dug out of the drains that day and am taking a bigger risk and asking before I chicken out if you'd like to accompany me there for a drink." In hindsight, I should have taken a breath before trying to get all that out. "I'll admit, that's the best pickup line I've heard all month." Her sizzling green eyes seared into my forehead as she seemingly scanned my thoughts. "I guess it could hurt to see what other deranged jumbles can come out of your head."

And just like that, I sealed my fate. It's two weeks later and I'm on the cusp of leaving the country to move to a place I've never even heard of because this woman keeps tempting me to push my luck and my luck keeps letting her.

Chapter 3 by A. Beatty



From the moment we first spoke in that park, mundane had been erased from the dictionary, as had monotony. The boarding pass that had been folded and unfolded and then folded again was proof of that. The ticket to my new life. My new, exciting life.

A suitcase had been stood in my bedroom fully packed for over a week. Despite my new lease on life, I was still the guy that liked to be organised. Some old habits actually do die hard. She hasn't packed yet, she's saving it for the morning we go. She's so exhilarating.

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I rang my mother to tell her I'd met someone and was leaving the country. I felt proud and confident as I heard myself say the words. I wasn't a guy that relied on dumb luck anymore, I took real risks. My mother didn't even try to hide her laughter as she rasped down the phone 'of course you are sweetie.' When she hung up, she didn't realising she was saying goodbye to the son that played it safe.

After that phone call, I stopped opening my case up each night to make sure I had everything. I stopped checking my boarding pass and being sure my passport was in date. I stopped.

Chapter 4 by Grace Perez



Falling in love is never easy. Have you ever met a person who said it is? If you have, then they must be living under a rock. Love isn't easy. It wasn't easy in the past, easy right now, and it sure won't be easy in the future.

I fell in love once before I met Belle. Her name was Cailee. She wasn't near as lovely as Belle nor was she as adventurous but she was different. At the time, I hadn't met a girl like her. She was quiet yet smart. Confident yet reserved. She was so many things that I can't quite put into words. I don't know if she loved me or any guy at all. Cailee never portrayed her emotions. If you thought she was depressed, she really was just observing her surroundings. She never said anything unless it was absolutely necessary. Different was she for sure.

But then something happened. She didn't show up to school the next day. For days upon days no one knew what happened. Not until someone found her body lying in the dead forest. There was no blood. No finger or foot prints that indicated she was murdered. The case remained unsolved. Still isn't solved to this day.

Everyone was devastated. Her family, her friends and even people who didn't know her. But most of all, me. My mother knew how much she meant to me but not fully until I was told the news of her death.

At first, I didn't believe it. The reality of her death didn't sink in for a while. I was never the same.

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I fell in love too early. I wasn't supposed to. I was "too young". But that's a lie. You can't be too young to fall in love. You just can't awaken love before it's time.

Belle has helped me to not play it safe but to take the risks that life offers. With wisdom and at the right times of course, but to take them. She has helped me to be myself. The person I used to be. The person I always was.

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